

Who to *Philippi* heere comforted vs:  
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,  
And in their fteeds, do Ravens, Crowes, and Kites  
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs  
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme  
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which  
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

*Messa.* Belceue not so.

*Cassi.* I but beleue it partly,  
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd  
To meete all perils, very constantly.

*Brut.* Euen so *Lucillius*.

*Cassi.* Now most Noble *Brutus*,  
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may  
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.  
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this Battaille, then is this  
The very last time we shall speake together:  
What are you then determined to do?

*Brut.* Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,  
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death  
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:  
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,  
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent  
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,  
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,  
That gouerne vs below.

*Cassi.* Then, if we loose this Battaille,  
You are contented to be led in Triumph  
Therow the streets of Rome.

*Brut.* No *Cassius*, no:

Thinke not thou Noble Roman,  
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,  
He beares too great a minde. But this same day  
Must end that worke, the Ides of March beguon.  
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:  
Therefore our euermourning farewell take:  
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*;  
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cassi.* For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:  
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Brut.* Why then leade on. O that a man might know  
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

*Brut.* Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes  
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

*Lowd Alarum.*

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue  
But cold demeanor in *Octavius*'s wing:  
And I daue push giues them the ouerthrow:  
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

*Cassi.* O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:  
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:  
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,  
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

*Titin.* O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,

Who hauing some aduantage on *Octavius*,  
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,  
Whilft we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

*Pind.* Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,  
*Mark Antony* is in your Tents my Lord:  
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

*Cassi.* This Hill is farre enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*,  
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my Lord.

*Cassi.* *Titinius*, if thou louest me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes  
And heere againe, that I may rest aslur'd  
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

*Tit.* I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*

*Cassi.* Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,  
My fight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.  
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end,  
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

*Pind.* Above. O my Lord.

*Cassi.* What newes?

*Pind.* *Titinius* is enclosed round about  
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,  
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:  
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.  
Hee's rane. *Showt.*

And hearke, they shout for ioy.  
*Cassi.* Come downe, behold no more:  
O Coward that I am, to liue so long,  
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,  
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,  
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword  
That ran through *Casars* bowels, searce this bosome,  
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilt,  
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the Sword — *Casus*, thou art reueng'd,  
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

*Pind.* So, I am free,

Yet would not so haue beene  
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,  
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,  
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

*Messa.* It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*  
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,  
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

*Titin.* These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

*Messa.* Where did you leaue him.

*Titin.* All disconsolate,  
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

*Messa.* Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

*Titin.* He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

*Messa.* Is not that hee?

*Titin.* No, this was he *Messala*.

But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:  
As in thy red Rayes thou dost sinke to night:

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.  
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,  
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:  
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

*Messa.* Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.  
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:  
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,  
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,  
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

*Tit.* What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

*Messa.* Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet  
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report  
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:  
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuened, shall  
Be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,  
As tydings of this fight.

*Tit.* Hye you *Messala*,  
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:  
Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?  
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they  
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,  
And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing. (showts?)  
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,  
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,  
And see how I regarded *Cassius*:  
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,  
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *young Cato*,  
*Strato*, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.

*Brut.* Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?

*Messa.* Loc yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

*Brut.* *Titinius* face is vpward.

*Cato.* He is slaine.

*Brut.* O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,  
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords  
In our owne proper Entrails. *Lowd Alarum.*

*Cato.* Braue *Titinius*,  
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

*Brut.* Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?

The last of all the Romans, far thee well:

It is impossible, that euer Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares

To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.

I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.

Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body,

His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,

Least it discomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,

And come *young Cato*, let vs to the Field,

*Labio* and *Flauio* set our Battailles on:

'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,

We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,  
and *Flaminius*.

*Brut.* Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.

*Cato.* What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.

Enter *Souldiers*, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.

*Brutus* my Countries Fri

*Luc.* O yong and Nol

Why now thou dyest, as

And may't be honour'd,

*Sold.* Yeeld, or thou

*Luc.* Onely I yeeld t

There is so much, that t

Kill *Brutus*, and be hono

*Sold.* We must not:

Ent

2. *Sold.* Roome hoc:

1. *Sold.* He tell thee n

*Brutus* is tane, *Brutus* is

*Ant.* Where is hee?

*Luc.* Safe *Antony*, *Br*

I dare assure thee, that n

Shall euer take alie the

The Gods defend him fr

When you do finde him

He will be found like *Br*

*Ant.* This is not *Br*

A prize no lesse in wort

Giue him all kindnesse.

Such men my Friends, th

And see where *Brutus* b

And bring vs word, vnt

How euery thing is cha

Enter *Brutus*, *Messa*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,  
and *Flaminius*.

*Brut.* Come poore

Rocke.

*Clit.* *Statillius* shew

He came not backe: he i

*Brut.* Sit thee down

It is a deed in fashion. L

*Clit.* What I, my Lor

*Brut.* Peace then, no

*Clit.* He rather kill n

*Brut.* Hearke thee,

*Dard.* Shall I doe su

*Clit.* O *Dardanius*.

*Dard.* O *Clitus*.

*Clit.* What ill requ

*Dard.* To kill him,

*Clit.* Now is that N

That it runnes ouer eue

*Brut.* Come hither.

*Volum.* What saye

*Brut.* Why this, *V*

The Ghost of *Casus* ha

Two feuerall times by

And this last Night, he

I know my houre is co

*Volum.* Not so, my

*Brut.* Nay, I am sur

Thou seest the World,

Our Enemies haue bea

It is more worthy, to l

Then tarry till they pu

Thou know'st, that we

Euen for that our loue

Hold thou my Sword

*Vol.* That's not an